

hero. She has presented us with no effective specimens of the proverbial type, but the real thing with utmost fidelity. It is not easy for the Western mind to grasp more than a few salient features of a nation that combines with utmost polish and culture the semi-barbaric nearness to nature distinguishing the Russian, but Miss Hope has got it with genuine intuition. The character of Rurikoff is intimately drawn—the curious vein of hardness in the man's nature as opposed to a deep power for sentiment: his fatalism and the courage that springs from something higher: his carelessness of the truth, and his loyalty: his very love for Nest, which is half civilised, part Oriental—it was not an easy matter to weld such conflicting material into a convincing whole, but Miss Hope is to be congratulated on her complete success. No less clever, though of course less surprising, are her types of Welsh character, they all serve to prove her an adept in the art of characterisation.

E. L. H.

#### THE NORTH-WEST—CANADA.

Oh! would ye hear, and would ye hear  
Of the windy, wide North-West?  
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,  
That rolls as far and rolls as free,  
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,  
Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh! could ye see; and could ye see  
The great gold skies so clear;  
The rivers that race through the pine shade dark,  
The mountainous snows that take no mark,  
Sunlit and high on the Rockies stark,  
So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel  
How fresh is a Western night!  
When the long land breezes rise and pass,  
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass;  
When the dark-blue skies are clear as glass,  
And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and for ever know,  
The word of the young North-West!  
A word she breathes to the true and bold,  
A word mis-known to the false and cold,  
A word that never was spoken or sold,  
But the one that knows is blest.

—MOIRA O'NEILL,

From "Songs of the Glens of Antrim."

#### COMING EVENTS.

August 20th.—The Matron's and Nurses' At-Home, the Infirmary, Kingston Hill, Surrey. Tennis, 3.30 to 7.30 p.m.

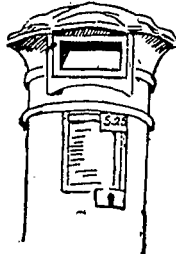
September 25th to 29th.—International Moral Education Congress, Imperial Institute, London.

#### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labour and painful effort by grim energy and resolute courage that we move on to better things.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

## Letters to the Editor.



Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

#### MATERNITY TRAINING IN WORKHOUSE INFIRMARIES.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—With reference to the subject of Miss Todd's "open letter" in the current number of your Journal, may I suggest that a point in favour of the workhouse infirmary trained nurse might be more markedly emphasised? In most of these institutions, during the period of training in maternity work (whilst she is "doing her cases"), the probationer is put on duty in the children's ward, which is usually administered in conjunction with the maternity wards, any septic cases among the children being, of course, excluded. My experience of workhouse infirmary work has convinced me that this concurrent work gives the nurses a clearer idea, a better perspective, of maternity work and of the care of the children.

I am, yours truly,

A. D. EDWARDS.

Newport, Mon.

#### A SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVE CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

MADAM,—Again we venture to ask the aid of your powerful columns on behalf of consumptive children. At this time of year many are enjoying the holiday season, free to wander among "the heath of the uplands—the ferns of the glen," or listen to "the mild music of the ebbing waves," and gain for themselves health and strength.

Will they help us to give this medicine of nature to some poor consumptive child and thus increase the pleasure of their own holiday?

At Holt, in Norfolk, a small Children's Sanatorium exists among the pine woods close to the sea, where we are able to shelter some fifteen consumptive children; and, with good food, pure air, and careful nursing, these, taken in the earlier stages of their complaint, are given every chance of recovery. The accommodation is fully occupied.

We earnestly ask for help to bring the merry laughter of boyhood, and the dancing gladness of girlhood, back to poor little sufferers who are listlessly lingering in the over-crowded garrets or gloomy basements of London's poor. We ask for help not for the sake of the patients only, but also for the sake of their brothers and sisters who are compelled to live in constant danger of infection from them.

This is but a small effort, but may we not hope the beginning of a great and successful result for the happiness of childhood and the welfare of the

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